

EXHIBIT G

INSIDE THE KINGDOM

My Life in Saudi Arabia



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LEAVING SAUDI ARABIA

could barely look after the children. I was hospitalized for a few days in October, hooked up to intravenous feeding tubes. I weighed ninety-nine pounds.

That Christmas, struggling to maintain a semblance of normal family life for the girls, I took baby Noor and the children to the mountains. Yeslam was supposed to meet us there, but he called and said that Prince Meshal was in town. Part of me wanted to believe him, but I knew he was lying.

On New Year's Eve, Yeslam went out, but came home early. He fell asleep—we had begun sleeping in separate bedrooms. The phone kept ringing, but every time I answered the caller hung up. I woke him, told him I thought someone was trying to call. The next morning he went out early and came back claiming it had probably all been a stupid, drunken New Year's joke.

I was vulnerable, but I was not an imbecile. I might have reacted differently if Yeslam had been honest with me, but I couldn't accept such blatant lies. We had an argument. Yeslam was livid. I asked him to leave. He slammed the door, and he left.

So, on New Year's Day of 1988, my life changed.

What followed was bitter, and draining, and I see little benefit to dwelling on it. The girls and I remained in Switzerland. The Bin Laden family rejected them completely. Once, I went to visit Yeslam's brother Ibrahim, who had been my friend, and pleaded for him to intercede with Yeslam. But Ibrahim told me, "No matter how right you are, Carmen, my brother is never wrong."

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Another time, Najia caught sight of Om Yeslam—her grandmother—and Fawzia, her aunt, on a street in Geneva. These women turned away from my little girl, who had grown up in their company. None of the Bin Ladens, even those who seemed to enjoy my company, ever had the strength of mind to stand up to Yeslam and contact me, or the children who had grown up at their side.

Our divorce proceedings have been appalling. Yeslam has poured all his might and money into a colossal effort to keep me under his control, and exact his revenge. Although he had promised not to, he demanded the right to take Noor to Saudi Arabia—not Wafah and Najia, I suppose, because he thought the older children would refuse. He fought every detail tooth and nail. Yeslam dragged the legal procedure out over the longest possible time, so that he could hide his assets and deprive the children and myself of his financial support.

Perhaps the worst moment of our long story together came after I was granted custody of the children. That's when Yeslam claimed that he was not Noor's father. It was unspeakably low of him, and utterly humiliating—to me, and above all to little Noor. It's hard to see how anyone could do such a thing; his claim was of course false, as we proved.

I had to ask that all of us go through DNA tests to confirm that Yeslam was lying, and that Noor really is her father's child. She was just nine years old. We all had to be tested; Yeslam walked into the clinic while Noor and I were in the doctor's office. Wafah sprang at him, and asked how he